# THE JOCKEY CLUB JUBILEE.

# Ladies' Day at Jerome Park.

FOUR MAGNIFICENT RACES.

A More Dashing Company and Finer Display than Ever.

The Steeplechase Won by Bohannon, the Westchester Cup by Helmbold, the Selling Race by Climax, and the Mile and Three-quarter Heats by Sanford.

People, Scenes and Incidents of the Occasion.

And now come forth from the mists of the mornthe promised delights of the "Ladles' Day," he American Jockey Club" and "Jerome Park," nce to all lovers of genuine manly sport in inine accents, in different intonations times delicately chiming together from behind ng! And how many young hearts beat high with the icipation of another ambrosial period of rural asure! But that ruthless old Pagan with the ng pot, whom we shall some day expel from his brother Neptune, and, unable to resist what the half opened casements of New York disclosed to had begun to shower down his aqueous booty upon the lovely faces there revealed, mistaking them for new blown roses, pansies and lilies. In a word, there was a rain in this part of the repub-lic, and rain it did most royally, in utter ace of the constitution of our fathers, and to little sisters, whom we love so fondly. But our big back again, drew on their double-soled boots and swore—by all that was bright and beautiful of Saturday's high festival that they-like the man whom Noah left out of the ark-that they didn't think it was going to be much of a shower, after was it in the sequel; for the d engaged, as readers may remember, at a proper time last week, had not been by any means ex-hausted. Even Jerome Park, rapid as that institution is, could not entirely "run" it out. Leaving the lower land of galoshes, waterproofs—some not so clearly proven—boots and dilapidated umbrellas at onable hour, as the true believers pressed upward along the avenues to Harlem river, the sprin king of that reprobate Aquarius, who evidently loves to linger down town where there are parti-colored aulds to mingle with his own, began to relax his ex-ertions, and by eleven o'clock

THE ROAD subdued and the foliage of the trees on either side so lustrous from the morning dews that it seemed to have been done by the hands of the Dryads in their own peculiar ever-living, sheeny waxwork, Everybody and his cousins—German, American

nglish, Irish and "the rest of mankind"—had read saturday's exploits, and wished that they too wishing they had come to practical effort, and before noon yesterday every road leading to that grand resort was alive with vehicles, from the low-backed car to the matutinal hack, from the sulky and tandem to the open coach propelled by teams two, four and even six in hand, whisked their tails with equine joility. For the honor of New York, the cosmopolitan city and soon to be the centre of the world in everything, the display was better than an international exhibition. The most morose of foreign grumblers could not hold away his heart from the ladies, while he at least one eye on the horses. who has grown wealthy and is now on a tour in this "blarsted" country, grew rubicund with unfelgned pleasure, and Snarleyow, the foreign journalist, the delight of whose existence has hithday, felt his liver improve and his cheek grow

erio been to snap at somebody or something every day, felt his liver improve and his cheek grow clearer with the milk of human kindness, as he basked in the bright eyes and heard the merry langhter and gazed at the blooming gardens that lined the way on either side as he bowled along in the fine old "ten-mile-an-hour" style, behind quadrupeds that would have snorted at all the winning posts of the Olympic games.

When brave old Diedrich Knickerbocker and Wonter Van Twiller were bothering their heads about the gable-ends and cabbage patches of what they called Nieuw Amsterdam in the broad-breeched day, they never dramed, even in their solid visions of a fine Dutch Paradise, of the enchantments that were to spread, long before their names died out, for miles and miles beyond the classic shores of Harlem river, away into that modern American "land flowing with milk and honey" now known as Westchester. And what a sight it is, as you spank along from Washington Heights, toward the embosoming groves of Fordham. Reach after reach of meadows, greener than the stopes that are reflected in the water of Killarney; knoll upon knoll, crested with trees and shrubbery, vocal with the birds of summer and variegated with its blossoms; the trimmed and tutored walks, drives and bocages of our unrivalled Central Park upon the right; glimpses of the lordly Hudson and its walls of gray-brown rock, nodding with forest plumes upon the left, and on every side, as you passed farther, rustic homes of changeful architecture, from the Italian cottage to the French chateau—and flowers and still bossoming fruit trees, with the gistening diamonds of the rain yet trembling in them—the faces of bine-eyed children peeping out at "every coigne of vantage." "what more could voyager ask for, in the fairy bark of life, with

Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm?

The improvements that the last few years have instroduced are wonderful in this lovely region of four suburbs, and 1870, also, is bringing in many more elements that will assimilate the vicinity of New York city on the mainland to those delictous surroundings that, as yet, render Paris the proverb of tourists. Could we pause longer to-day in the work immediately before us it would be a grateful task to enumerate the beautiful villas and gardens that adorn this neighborhood and gather fresh attractions with each day of the advancing season. Suffice it to add that the succession of them is a convincing proof that in taste, elegance and wealth, the merchant princes take their rank with those who once inspired the Ausonian poets with the beauty of their homes on the historic banks of the Brenta and with the princes and artists who have forever rendered famous the environs of Nice and the shores of Lake Como and the Lago Maggiore. But in addition to the peculiar pleasures of the classic day and the times that succeeded be it remembered that we have here all the modern improvements. We cannot deny the ancients their meed of congratulation, but we have many a thing that they never knew.

Folsa were happy, as days were long.

In the Old Areadian times. Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm?

Folks were happy, as days were long.

In the Old Arcadian times,
When life seemed only a dance and song,
In the sweetcat of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pilliess years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And cometo the Age of Gold.

E Upon a time. In that passonal days

Once upon a time, in that pastoral day,

Dwellers in huts and to marble balls, From shepher less up to queen, Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls, And nothing for crinoline.

But now simplicity's not the rage, And it's funny to think how cold The dress they wore in the Golden Age Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, ballooms and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of that old rejune.

And, spite of Lemprier's darning page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For one year of the Age of Gold.

With such reflections as these and amid such exhiltrating scenes the hosts of gay visitors were whirled along, leaving the clouds and the rain behind them, until they topped the last hit and dashed down the acclivity, at the foot of which the road widens and then contracts between the philars and beneath the a.c. of the entrance to

beneath the a.ch of the entrance to JEROME PARK.

It was evident that the rumor of bad weather in the city had preceded them, although there was but little evidence of the storm on the racing ground, which was simply cooled and besprinkled by the early snowers. But the red-capped Mercuries of the gateway were on the alert, and leaped to the bridles of the leaders as they came in with an

agility suggestive of bribery and corruption in the misor shape of dimes and double shillings effigied by the government on paper according to law. Nevertheless, it was some time before there was anything equal to the ruck of carriages, equestrians and foot passengers that were there by noon on Saturday last. But when they did come they came in like the tide at Hell Gate, and Captain Wilson, the efficient and courteous officer of the day in charge of all police arrangements had as much as he could do to prevent the telescoping of crowded coaches and the facetious tickling of sportsmanlike ribs and abdomens by the poles of hasty vehicles and the hoofs of champing steeds. We had occasion to notice that the style of communication upon occasions like this partakes of both force and brevity. "Hi! H!!" and "Ho!" are the exclamations, evize, that all they said to each other was "Yea yea!" and "Neigh, neigh," the entire profamity of the races being confined to the old precept in one respective, that all they said to each other was "Yea yea!" and "Neigh, neigh," the entire profamity of the races being confined to the holder that "dam Kate Hayes" and something to do with Lexington and "dam Lavender" (to which amen!), was formerly connected with Helmbold, and so on to the end of a goodly list. But the "steeple chase!" first announced on this document was of such engrossing interest that even the most orthodox people overlooke! these technical irregularities of language and went in for "pools" and "stakes." The champion of the celebrated box, described by the Herralia on Sunday morning, was at his accustomed post near the grand stand, and by two P. M. was surrounded with eager votaries. Some "went it heavy?" on the first race, open as the book says to all ages, and we should judge, from what we saw, to all sizes, nationalities and complexions ikewise. Some saw bottom in "the Westchester Oup" and a good many sold themselves to the third or "selling race." Nor were the mile heats that were to close the day without a good dea

d there leaned from the balcony one of Erm's iriest daughters, whose half joyous, half melan-oly mood recalled the music which a matchless tive bard of her own green isle drew from the lear harp of his country!"—

That e'en is tay infirm it will steal from thee sill.

The number of lovely children of both sexes was especially charming. Their gay dresses and melodious voices chimed in with the long drawn note of the forest warbier above the greensward at the rear of the club house, where they played like elfin people before the rain came on. Among

the forest warbier above the greensward at the rear of the club house, where they played like eith people before the rain came on. Among THE NOTABLES

Were the noted banker and turfman August Belmont, with Mrs. Belmont and a gay party of ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Charles O'Conor, the observed of all observers for her queenlike bearing and poetry of motion; ex-Senator Bayard, of Delaware; Mr. Constable, of the popular firm of Arnold & Constable; William littler Duncan, of the banking house of Duncan, Shermand & Co.; Mr. Nelson Chase and lady, Mr. Jerome B, Fellowes, one of the princes of that good race, who brought the pride of the equipages, athough to some degree an invalid; Charles Bellows, cneery and smiling; ex-Alderman Colonel Jacob M. Long, Mr. Shermand Paris, whose beaming countenance and merry eye dispensed good feeling wherever he moved; the "courtly Nath. Jervis," as an intimate friend announced him, and was fully right; Mr. Hosea B. Perkins, the soul of affablity and graceful politeness, accompanied by his daugnler, Miss Aice, whose annuable smile "made" literally "a sunshine in the shady place;" Judge John R. Brady, saluted warmiy by crowds of friends; the Hon. Richard Schell heartily enjoyed the hour; Mr. Michael Cashman, who knows "a bank where the wild thyme blows;" Elisha Brooks, District Attorney Bannel G. Couriney, surrounded by a beyy of fair and winning dames, charmed by the sparkling conversation of so glitted a couple; Mr. Frank Stevens; Shepherd Kinapp. Jr., and Mrs. Knapp; Mr. Muller, the owner of the spiendid running horse Kingisher, and now one of the greatest sportsmen in the world; Mr., Mrs, and Mrs. Potter, of Washington Heights—a welcome party; Mr. Wm. H. Travis, one of the "stars" of the Jockey Club galaxy; George Wilkes and lady; Commissioner Mathew T. Brennan, wisa his wife and two admired daughters; Mr. Busby. of the "craft;" Mr., and Mrs. Harker; Mr. Busby. of the "stars" of the Jockey Club galaxy; George Wilkes and lady; Commissioner Mathew T. Brennan, wisa his wife and two

whose residence in the mansion at Albany has evidently benefited both health and spirits, while in tone, manner and kindly greeting his Excellency reveals his wonted charm of dignified port and affable, manly presence. On such an occasion and amid such scenes nothing of any other than the happiest and kindlest thoughts could fit across the mind of lady or gentleman, and the attentions offered to our Governor on all sides were unrestrained.

It is needless almost to add that under the admirable superintendence of the apparently omnipresent and certainly all accomplished Mr. Theodore Moss, and the careful catering of Mr. Frederick Berger, whose services have been so long appreciated by the club, the grand saloons for relaxation and refreshment were enjoyable beyond measure. Dainty viands and delicious vintages, neat and ready service, and a total absence of the usual pandemonian uproar and Babylonian jargon of the ordinary restaurant, even in some aristocratic quarters, put every guest in royal mood. The viands were as flowers and the wines as floating perfumes—and who cared in such an hour for wandering winds or beating rains?

And, then, at last the homeward dash shut in beneath the friendliest shelter, with France and Germany and the fragrant breath of the West Indies in their most enchanting personations—the country green fleeting into city and the city presently a field of artificial stars as the twilight deepened and the streets blazed up with lights on either side—such a well contested day—such goodly company and such ambrosial recollections are in the present and for all the future an unpurchaseable joy—

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, It gives uself and is not bought.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, It gives itself and is not bought. The Racing.

When the racing began the track was in very fine order for running, and continued so until the last race was about commencing, when the rain came lown and made it rather heavy. The running in all the races was satisfactory; in some of them highly exciting, particularly in the steeple chase and the race for the Westchester cup. There were four events on the programme—the first the steeple chase, the second the race for the Westchester Cup, the third a selling race, the distance a mile and five furlongs, and a heat race of a mile and three-quarters, with the distance sixty yards. Four horses started in the steeple chase. These were Captain Elwees' bay geld-ing Bohannon, Mr. McDaniel's bay horse Oysterman, Jr.; Mr. Todd's bay horse W. F. Bacon, and Lloyd & Alloway's bay horse Viley. The race was remarkably well contested from beginning to end by the three first named, while the latter was beaten from the first jump, and was a quarter of a mile behind at the finish. Bohannon won a capital race by a short length after a very animated struggle with Oysterman, Jr., the superior riding of Captain Eiwees carrying him through to victory. W. F. Bacon was a good third, and might have been better off but for a fall at the water jump, where he fell as he landed and went down on his belly. His rider,

he landed and went down on his belly. His rider, however, kept on his back, and lifting the horse up quickly, continued the race and soon afterwards overtook the others. But the horse must have been considerably wrenched by the fall, and probably that operated against him on the home run.

The race for the Westchester Cup did not come up to the expectations of the spectators, as the result proved there was but one good race horse in the field. This was Mr. Babbook's chestnut horse Helmbold. He beat the others when and where he bleased. Great hopes had been entertained that Mr. Doswell's brown horse Abdel Kader would prove the winner of the cup, as he ran a four mile dash at Saratoga last summer in excellent time, and gave people the impression that he was not only a fast horse but a sticker. His race yesterday, however, exhibited a great falling off from his previous performances, and his backers fell heavily in consequence. Helmbold was the favorite over any named horse, and in some instances he was backed even against the field. Glenelg, Vespucius and Prougman were thought little off in the betting, but Vespucius proved himself the next best horse to Helmbold in the race. The winner is imposibledly a first class race horse at any distance, and will be a favorite in any field he may start in for the future. There is not a horse in this vicinity that can beat him. however, exhibited a great falling off from his previous performances, and his backers fell heavily in consequence. Helmbold was the favorite over any hamed horse, and in some instances he was backed even against the field. Gienelg, Vespucias and Pongman were thought little off in the betting, but Vespucias proved himself the next best horse to Helmbold in the race. The winner is unquotedly a first class race horse at any distance, and will be a favorite in any field he may start in lor the future. There is not a horse in this vicinity that can beat him.

The selling race brought R. W. Walden's brown horse Climax, John O'Donnell's brown horse R. B. Connolly, M. A. Littell's chestnut coit Eidorado, T. W. Doswell's bay horse Edenton and P, R, Dayis'

behind. Time of the dash, 4:11.

SELLING RACE, for all ages; premium \$600, one mile and five-eighths; horses entered to be sold for mile and five-eighths; horses entered to b

bay mare Scotia to the post. The race was finely run, and won by old Climax in gallant style. R. B. Connolly second, who was badly ridden, his lockey having trailed too long and at too great a distance behind. It is not always bad poitely to trail, but the jockey should have judgment and always lay within striking distance of the leading horse. It was not so in this instance, and hence Connolly's defeat. Extention did not satisfy his backers. They thought him a better horse than he proved to be. Eldorado ran a very creditable race, and with age may improve. Mr. Davis' Scotia did not perform well. She is of fine racing form, but there does not appear to be enough of her for a successful campaigner.

The sports of the day closed with a heat race at a mile and three-quarters, in which there were three candidates for fame and the purse. These were Mr. Eckerson's chestaut horse Sanford, Mr. Crouse's bay mare Regards and Leonard W. Jerome's bay horse Glengary. They had two heats, both being won by Sanford. The mare did not seem to run for the first heat, but on the second she made a capital race with Sanford, and he had all he could do to beat her a neck at the finish. The race was run in the raiu, and the track got very heavy before the end, yet the little mare struggled gamely through it and pulled up not as much distressed as the winner was.

The First Race.

A Steepte Chase—A handican for all ages: pre-

came of:—

THE FIRST RACE.

A STEEPLE CHASE—A handicap for all ages; premium \$1,000; \$250 to owner of second horse.
Captain Elwees entered b. h. Bohannon, by Simon Kenton, dam by Boston, 6 years old, 153 lbs..... 1
D. McDaniels entered b. h. Oysterman, Jr., by Oysterman, dam by Phil Brown, 6 years old, 163 lbs.

stationed about one hundred yards from the three-quarter pole. Bohannon was in front, pressed hard by Oysterman, Jr.; W. F. Bacon third, with Viley fourth, fully a quarter of a mile behind. This hurdle was passed over, and the race became intensely ex-citing as the horses ran into the homestretch. There was only one jump more, the hurdle at the lower end of the grand stand, and as the horses came up to take it the spectators became wild with eveits.

#### TROTIING AT BEACON PARK, MASS.

old Riverside Park name and succeeded it with the more aristocratic name of the Beacon Park. A very few improvements have come with the new name, such as the enlargement of the track from a half to a full mile and the erection of a few seats with the débris of the Collseum and the white-washing and renovating of some of the stables. The Spring Meeting under the new regime commenced to-day, and will confinue until the end of Friday. The weather was most inauspictous for the opening, the rain pouring in torrents and forming a sea of mud all around the track of at least an inch of two in depth; but in spite of this the managers attempted to carry out the previously arranged programme for the benefit of the 700 or 800 visitors, who gared more for the excitement of a race than for the inclemency of the weather. In carrying out the programme, however, they were only partially successful. For the great race of the day—the one for 2:24 horses—was wholly abandoned, and only the 2:40 horses competed. The purses for these were \$1.000, \$700 and \$300, and the entries were as follows:—D. Bigley's sorrel gelding Daylight, of Cambridge: Billy Woodruff's Billy Morfil, of Brighton; E. L. Norcoss' Robert Bonner, of Augusta, Me.; M. Roden's Charley Green, of New York; Dan Pfier's Honest Dutchman, of New York; Dan Maceis sorrel gelding Gwynne of New York; Dan Maceis sorrel gelding Gwynne of New York. York: Dan Pfifer's Honest Dutchman, of New York; E. A. Roberts' Lady Emily, of New York; Dan Mace's sorrel gelding Gwynne, of New York, and L. L. Dorsey's Fanny Golddust, of Louisville. Billy Morrill, Honest Dutchman and Gwynne were drawn, and the other five horses started in the midst of the petiting rain. The drawing of Dutchman quenched all inferest and excitement in the race, and from the start it was opined that Charley Green would be the winner. His only dangerous rival was Lady Emily, and she pressed hard, but in vain, for the victory. All the others were distanted, and the gelding Green won the race in three straight heats, in 2:36, 2:40, 2:39%. Lady Emily was declared second. Considering the wretched condition of the track the time made was much better than was anticipated.

## WHAT AMERICA WAYTS.

Proposed Art and Science Museum for All Nations-Outline of the Scheme-Meeting at Professor Doremus' Last Night. A private meeting, convened by circular, was held

at the house of Professor Doremus, 70 Union place, ast night, for the purpose of considering proposals for the establishment in New York of an Art and science Museum, of a permanent character, for the exhibition of works of science and art. A number of letters were received from prominent

exhibition of works of science and art. A number of letters were received from prominent gentlemen of the city approving of the scheme, and also from the representatives of foreign governments volunteering their practical aid in the development of the proposal.

It was accided to issue the proposal in a printed form, so as to give the scheme a wider publicity. From the inducatial support that the scheme has already received there is no doubt of its ultimate success, and that in New York will very shortly be formed the nucleus of a museum worthy of the great continent of America.

Dr. G. Naphegyl read a paper embodying the details of this proposal, from which we select the following principal characteristics:—

After oblaining a charter of incorporation it is proposed to make a solicitation, in the name of the society, to all the resident and accredited foreign Ministers at Washington, so that through them each of the foreign governments may forward objects of interest. Membership in the organization of the executive of this museum is to be obtained by defined subscriptions in money and objects for exhibition. It is proposed to make it a demonstrative and pictorial atias of the American continent. For the cultivated mind a source of learning, for the layman a source of pleasure. The chemist, the botanist, the mineralogist, the geologist and the ornithologist are to find in it a new field of labor.

The proposals were received with considerable enthusiasm, and it was said that early in the fail the scheme would, in all probability, assume a practical shape, and would be supmitted to the public with great confidence of establishing a museum equal in its nucleus to that of many European countries.

## THE MICHAEL NORTON ASSOCIATION.

Reported Fight in the Club Room-Pistols

and Police.
The air of the Central Police Office at an early hour yesterday morning was impregnated with rumors of an afray in the Michael Norton Associarumors of an afray in the Michael Norton Association club room, No. 287 Hudson street, which, it was alleged, occurred on Saturday night, the principals being Senator Michael Norton and ex-Alderman John Marray. The Herald reporter devoted several hours to unraveling the case, as did also the captain of the precinct, but as the principals were out of the city no reliable details could be obtained. If the information given the Herald reporter be correct a violent quarrel occurred between the gentlemen named, which resulted in the drawing of pistols and threatening attitudes by the belligerents, when some member of the police force appeared upon the scene, and the difficulty for the time being was settled. Rumor has it that Murray is searching for Notton, and should they meet there will be a conflict and a test of prowess on the part of the gentlemen interested. Superintendent Jourdan's deputies yesterday endeavored to fathom the case but beyond the information that a "muss" occurred, at the time stated Captain Washburn and his sergeants were at sea regarding the affair. Mr. Jourdan so far has been unable to ascertain any facts upon which to ground a report.

# "THE PRINCESS EDITHA."

A Singular Blending of Romance and Reality.

The Life History of New York's Latest "Anonyma"-The "Daughter of Lola Montez"-The Bavarian Nun and the New York Lecturess-A Strange and Eventful Career.

making gigantic strides knaves and idiots jump into the van and are whirled along. Old dodges tried a century ago are successfully repeated to-day, and it is quite erratic to suppose that the food for tragedies, romances and the various works of fiction have been devoured by greedy writers. The fact is that at the present time there is more sterling stuff to delight imagination, thangeither Scott, Fielding or Smollett ever dreamed of. But a good, rattling, torchlight, door-panel, heavy-coated nover is nothing without the mystery; and in the case about to be presented ambitious youths will have something to gloat upon, as the will furnish them with sufficient fortitude to tear their hair, burn their midnight lamps, write until their faces grow blue and get up a trotting match to then earest publisher. And yet, notwithstanding the ridiculous features which surround it, there is some-thing sad in its contemplation and something that must enlist the heartiest sympathy of the community. Indeed, when the true statement of the mystery becomes known, the poor victim cannot fail to

AND THE PRINCESS WAS PAIR TO SEE.
For the past few days the public have been rather enlivened by the appearance upon the world's stage of a young lady purporting to be the daughter of Lola Montez, a name to which there was once attached a charm. Graced by all the accomplis tached a charm, Graced by all the accompusaments that could adorn a woman, elegant in her person, and possessing a refined and sparkling intellect, the young lady, under the maternal auspices of the Woman's Suffrage clique, made her debut at Steinway Hall on Thursday of the Woman's Suffrage clique, made her debut at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening last. The subject of her lecture was the "equality of women" and "the wrongs of her distinguished mother Lola Montez." Among the addence was the usual congregation of plump and lanky advocates of the cause, a number of long haired enthusiasts and a slim gathering of curiosity seekers, bent no doubt in comparing the appearance of the debutante with that of the departed Montez whose name she bore. More than that, she was introduced as no less a personage than "the Princess Editha, daugther of King Leopold and the Countess of Landsfeldt," The sound of royalty sent a thrill through the assemblage, and, as if by magic, views of splendid castles, turreted walls, the drawbridge and portcullis, knights in glittering arms, cavaliers with flowing hair and waving plumes, fair dames on chargers mounted ready for the chase, huntamen and brilliant cavalcades, passed in panoramic view before the spectacled vision of the expectant throng. Her Royal Highness appeared. It was a sorry sight. She failed, Since the days of the Broadway showman there has not been such a "sell." Her royal eye flashed and wandered and no athlete ever exerted himself to such a degree to gratify his audience with a finished performance of the cind exercise. Her remarks were wild and incoherent, her gesticulation furious and her general deportment bordering on the insane. The women of the "Association" frowned and for the time their cause was a laughing stock. After several spasmodic prances the robust descendant of kings retired, having talked rationally upon nothing and unreasonably upon a thousand topics. What a lacting she may have received from the free female subjects of America in the anter oom does not appear, but certain it is that not a single bouquet was presented her. And so the poor princess failed.

GET THEE TO A CONVENT.

Who was the Princess? Ah! there was the rub. It was evident to most people that the mantle of Lola Moutez had not fallen upon her royal daughter. Indeed, her hearers, not unnaturally, opined that the young lady had hever seen that brilliant performer in all her life, and that while she might be a princess her name was not Montez. Who was she't Let the tale be told.

Some years ago a respectable gentleman named

former in all her life, and that wante she might be a princess her name was not Montez. Who was she? Let the tale be teld.

Some years ago a respectable gentleman named Solomon was employed his bookkeeper in the flour establishment of Mr. John Hecker. He was an intelligent and well educated man, his family consisting of a son and three daughters, among them being Claudia Solomon, a beautiful young gift, bute and maidenlike. With earnest appreciation for "Continental" education Claudia was sent to a convent in Bawaria by her father. Loving the solitude of the holy place and desirous of shutting librself from the world. Claudia artef a few years became a nun. Her modes, retiring defineanor, her earnest sincerity during the devotional exercises, her angelic aspect, and her loving, affectionate nature made her the pet and pride of the convent. Her path was stream with flowers, and for her the prospects were bright indeed.

BLACK CLOUDS DARKEN THE HORIZON.

Meanwhile Claudia's father died suddenly of an epileptic fit in the office where he had been so honorably engaged, and the family removed to New Orleans. From some cause Claudia quitted the Bavarian convent and journeyed to New Orleans. It was supposed by her family that she had come to found some convent in that locality, but such was not her intention, and after remaining but a short period with her relatives she set out for New York. As the story runs, she at once proceeded to Mr. Hecker's, and making herzelf known as the daughter

found some convent in that locality, but such was not her Intention, and after remaining but a short period with her relatives she set out for New York. As the story runs, she at once proceeded to Mr. Hecker's, and making herself known as the daughter of his former faithful employe was cordially welcomed as a guest. She was then recommended to the Beivedere House, where she stayed some weeks, but suddenly left. On making inquiries of Mr. Hecker as to pecuniary settlements, Mr. Weile, of the Beivedere House, was informed that Claudia had just left his (Hecker's) house, where she had resided some weeks. So ends episode number two, and for the time the heroine vanishes.

STRANGERS, BENEVOLENCE AND BLOOD.

It was Sunday, just as the services in most churches had closed, when two visitors appeared at an aristocratic French restaurant on Eighth street. One was a clerical gentleman, past middle age, and the other a female, whose features showed traces of beauty and refinement, though marks of cafe and sorrow were distinctly visible throughout. Which a dignified yet engaging air the clergyman kindly introduced the lady to the domestics, requesting that her wants should be attended to in every particular. She was faint and looked fatigued. It was Sunday, however, and those having the direction of the establishment were absent at the time. Being assured that every provision would be made for the lady the clergyman took his leave. In the house there resided a celebrated tragedlenne, whose nobility of character and benevolence are as natural as her well known gentus. Being apprised of the circumstances Miss Matilda Heron at once hastened to afford all aid within her power, and the proprietor of the establishment having in the meantime arrived, arrangements were made for her temporary accommodation. Alone the stranger modestly courted the society of Miss Heron, who, becoming interested in her young and highly intellectual visitor, the time passed pleasantly until night. Towards twelve o'clock Miss Heron was aroused by agoni

the end of which time she left the house, returning soon again, however, to thank her benefactress. The young lady here spoken of was Claudia Solomon.

BULLION, FAME AND LUNACY.

It is comparatively a short time since the banking house of Mesdames Woodhuli & Claffin, on Broad street, was entered by a young woman, who, it is said, earnessly requested to be employed in the counting room of that firm. She rushed towards the ledgers, and, opening them, asserted her ability as an accountant, giving, by the way, ocular demonstration of her knowledge in the astoundingly rapid manner in which she added up the figures. It was at this office she declared that she was the daughter of Lola Montex, and being ever on the alert to turn a penny, the "female brokers" saw a golden harvest in store for the supposed daughter of the famous danseuse, and immediately suggested the idea of giving a lecture on the subject, to which a ready assent was made. She made a few visits in company with Mesdames Woodhull & Claffin, asserting herself in some places as "the editor of the Druggists' Price Current," Introducing herself to others as the "Princess Editha," and assuring all generally that she had but little time to spare, as her carriage was in waiting. At this stage few could have failed to perceive that Claudia Solomon was soon to be a lunatic, as her speech and acts demonstrated.

When questioned by Mrs. S. E. Norton as to when the had studied the subject of her lecture, or had prepared any notes, she replied:—

"No, madame, I am going to speak from the inspiration of the moment. I will speak from heart."

"Very well," rejoined Mrs. Norton, "I think you will regree it."

And so she did most bitterly. As already mentioned, the lecture was a complete breakdown—nonsensical and diotic. It was the more humiliating having been gotten up under the sanction and earnest approbation of the Women's Suffrage Association, many members of which naturally imagined that the sight of a princess on their behalf would surely resuscitate the cause and

ment. She had been the centre of awraction and the subject of the most flattering comments. Alasi with failure came an abandonment by the very parties who leit honored in her presence, and the day after her dissastrous display her gorgeous apartments were entirely deserted. It appears, however, that Mrs. Norton, under the supposition that Editha was what she represented nerself to be, went to the Astor House to tender her as much sympathy as possible or her failure, and to suggest that she repeat the effort in a modest and becoming manner—and so make should be the reading of the railure, and to suggest that she was she was not wint was generally supposed; that she was not wint was generally supposed; that she was not wint was generally supposed; that she was penniles, and the not know where she could say over that night Mrs. Norton requested her to go to a quite place which as he would procure for her. Claudia consented, and it ten o'clock on Saturday night a place was contained. She, however, declined to did not care to interfere on sunday Mrs. Norton returned and found. Claudia of a dangerous, convul and her actions being exceedingly wild. Remaining with her some time, Mrs. Norton left her in an improving condition.

Having learned that the Princess had asserted that Mesdames Woodhulf & Clain were her bankers, those ladies proceeded to the Astor House and enlightened the proprietors of that tablishment, stating that they (Woodhulf & Claifin) had no funds whatever in trust for the "Lady Editha," and hinted that they imagined her mental faculities were astray. The hady bankers were right, as subsequent events but too sadiy proved. The Princess was now debtor about eighty dollars, and stetson immediately set detective Todd to work. With much consideration and kindness the latter listened to the strange statements of the poor girl. He consented to proceed with her in a carriage to the residence of Mrs. Norton. Arrived there, Claudis produced the bill, and though not asking for the money in a direct manner, plannl

friend.

THE GREAT FALSTAFF AROUSED FROM SLUMBER.
During Monday night, when all the guests of the
Astor were buried in sleep, a pair of boots lay at the
door of Mr. Hackett's room. Those boots acted
like a powerful magnet. There was a charm in
their very toes. The night was far advanced, when
a strange knock was heard, a handle was gently
turned, the door opened and in glided a beautiful
female in white. She looked like an angel, but there
was a strange gleaming from the eye. A snow
was a strange gleaming from the eye. icmaic in white. She looked like an angel, but there was a strange gleaming from the eye. A snow white hand stroked back the hair from Mr. Hackett's brow. He awoke, and, thunderstruck, heard in sivery accents the words—
"You are an old man; can I trust you?"
With that chivalrous bearing which has ever marked his great Faistaffan career Mr. Hackett leaned upon his elbow and with a benign smile answered—

"And you must have it," responded the gentle-man. John and the spectre vanished. It was clau-dia the maniac. Mr. Hackett then fell into a dreamy stumber.

### MIRDER IN NEW JERSEY.

Bloody Affray Between Butchers-Attack with a Revolver and Retort with a Knife—The Murderer Surrenders Himself. On the highway a short distance above Union

Hill, and a few miles from Hoboken, is a place known as the Weavertown road. Floral Park, situated at this place, is known to hundreds of New Yorkers as a favorite pleasure ground for pic-nies and excursions. Just behind this park is a slaughter house, where both Irish and Germans are employed. The question of nationality has sel dom given rise to any dispute in the establishment but on two or three occasions some hot words were exchanged between the Celts and the countrymer from the Rhine. It was charged at one time that the latter were the special objects of favoritism, and,

the latter were the special objects of favoritism, and, whether the charge was well founded or not, a feeling of jealousy was enkindied which never wholy died out since.

Yesterday morning four irishmen and a German, named Frederick Kellung, had a dispute, which culminated fatailty. One of the Irishmen, named Thomas McDermott, drew a revolver and presented it at Kelling, when the latter drew a large butcher knife and plunged it to the handle in McDermott's breast. The unfortunate man fell backward and expired almost instantly. Kelling then walked coolly into a larger beer saloon in Union Hill, called for a gin cocktail, and, having drank it, surrendered himself to Justice Neuscheller. As soon as the intelligence went abroad crowds flocked to the place and viewed the body of the murdered man. The inquest will take place to-day. In the meantime Kelling remains in jail. He takes the matter very calmiy, maintaining that he acted solely in self-defence.

## FIGHTING FOR THE BONDS.

The Burke-Gardiner Sult-Mrs. Gardiner Still Absent Suffering from Colic-The Case to be Resumed To-Merrow.

Before Surrogate Robert C. Entchings.

The hearing in this case, which increases in public

interest with each day's investigation, was, according to adjournment, to have been fully resumed yesterday, but was, on the testimony of Dr. Gregory, again adjourned over till to-morrow. The mys tery surrounding the missing bonds bids fair to be unravelled, and the connection of the principal

be unravelied, and the connection of the principal parties to their disappearance, and the complicity of others therein to be thoroughly exposed. This result will be in no small measure due to the assignous attention paid to the case by Surrogate Hutchings, whose long experience in criminal matters eminently fits him for presiding over an investigation of this kind.

On the case being called yesterday Dr. Gregory, Mrs. Gardiner's medical attendant, appeared and testified that Mrs. Gardiner had been taken sick, and was at the present time suffering from a severe attack of colic, which would most likely render her unable to appear in court for a few days.

THE DECEASED CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HAD SUFFERED FROM SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.

In answer to a question put by Mr. Fullerton Dr. Gregory said that he had called upon Captain Alexander a few days before his death; that he then found him in a lethargic state, though he would occasionally rouse up and answer questions when put to him very distinctly; his own impression at the time was that Captain Alexander was suffering from softening of the brain—a disease of slow growth.

The case was then ordered to stand over till Thura-The case was then ordered to stand over till Thurs

The Twentieth precinct police report that between four and five o'clock last evening William Snowden, aged eight years, was run over by car No. 51, of the Grand and Porty-second street line, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. The wheels of the car passed over his body and killed him aimost instantly. At the time the accident occurred most instantly. At the time the accident occurred the child was in the company of his mother, who had just left the car with two of her little daughters. On turning to look for her son the mother saw him in the act of getting of the front platform while the car was in motion, she says accelerated by the driver, who pushed him off. Captain Caffrey's officers arrested the driver, Francis Reilly, and looked him up to await the action of the Coroner, who was summoned. It is more than probable that a suit will be commenced against the company, should the driver escape censure by a Coroner's jury to-day.

Last evening the proprietor of a jewelry store, corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue en tered the detective office of the Police Headquarters and reported that yesterday his establishment was robbed of \$4,000 worth of diamond jeweiry while his clerks were attending upon customers. The en-try was made by Captain Kelso's officers upon the press book; but there are some who question whether any robbery occurred at the place me-